

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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DAILY BREAD.

What is the daily bread,
Father, we ask of Thee—
We, who must still be fed
Out of thy bounty free?

Not at the household board
Is our deep want supplied;
Bins may be amply stored
And souls unsatisfied.

For not by bread alone
Can we, Thy children, live;
Some heavenly food unknown
Thou unto us must give.

Nurtured we all must be
By Thy sweet word alone;
Asking this bread of Thee,
Thou wilt not give a stone.

Thy Life, O God! Thy word
Outspoken through Thy Son!
In Him our prayer is heard,
Our heart's desire is won.

To sacrifice—to share—
To give, even as He gave;
For others' wants to care,
Not our own lives to save;

With love for all around
Our days and hours to fill;
Thus be it ever found
Our meat to do Thy will!

This is the living bread
Which cometh down from heaven,
Wherewith our souls are fed,—
The pure, immortal leaven.

The hidden manna this,
Whereof who eateth, he
Grows up in perfectness
Of Christ-like symmetry.

Who seeks this bread shall be
Nor stinted nor denied:
Our hungry souls in Thee,
O Christ! are satisfied!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT.

"Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift."—2 Cor.
ix. 15.

We have just kept the usual festival of Thanksgiving. This holiday season, beginning in New England, has now spread itself over the whole land, and has grown into a national festival, appointed annually not only by the governor of each Commonwealth, but also by the President of the United States. It has thus become national and universal, because it was in accordance with the desires of the whole people. Its authority comes solely from its fitness and seasonableness. All the proclamations of all the executives could not establish it if the people themselves did not desire it. And, while New England has given its Thanksgiving to the other States, it has received from them Christmas in return. In my boyhood there was no Christmas kept in New England and no Thanksgiving kept outside of New England. Now the festival of harvest and home has gone as far as Georgia and Oregon, and the Merry Christmas of Old England has been welcomed back again by her Puritan children in Massachusetts.

The text says, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." Before we consider what

this unspeakable gift is, let us consider those which can be easily spoken of.

What a wonderful world is this into which we have been born! What beauty, what variety, what majestic presence of law, what vast order, what infinite adaptations to the purposes of life! We go out on a summer morning. We see the rosy clouds hanging around the horizon where the sun is approaching. He rises, and sky and land are bathed in a sea of beauty. Thousands of little birds welcome his approach with songs of joy. The tremulous dewdrops turn to rubies and emeralds on the myriad leaves in the vast forests: little flowers open their eyes over boundless prairies. The frozen snow on the mighty summits of the mountains grows warm in the tender auroral radiance. The immeasurable smile of old ocean flashes upward along the meridian from the ices of the Arctic to those of the Antarctic Seas. Living things go forth to breakfast on the seeds and fruits ripened under the great solar system. Man also goes forth to his work and his labor, creating another world of art and use, a microcosm in the macrocosm. He also is allowed to be a creator in his little sphere. He builds cities, erects cathedrals, invents machinery, multiplies his force a thousand times by his discoveries, constructs navies which traverse all seas and connect the continents and their various industries. He writes books, tunes his tongue to delicious music, brings down ideal forms from heaven to earth, with imagination all compact, and embodies in lasting beauty the immortal thoughts which breathe and burn within the soul. Life is a little day, but how it is filled with opportunity for knowledge, for work, for love! It has room in it for the sublime voices of prophets, bards, leaders, reformers, saints, and martyrs. It has room for the happy homes of those whose sober wishes do not learn to stray from the cool sequestered vale of affections. It has room for dear little children, innocent infants, with an aureole of divine light around them. It has room for generosity, patience, hope, and self-denying love. It has room for pain borne without repining, for bereavement sustained by faith, for a death made sweet by infinite hope. It has room for love of wife and husband, for the tenderness of the parent and the piety of the child. It has joys and work and duties for youth, manhood, and age. These gifts are evident: they are new every morning. God opens his hand and supplies the wants of every living thing. He is the perpetual giver. His joy is in never-ceasing creation. The fountain of his love pours forth new

supplies each moment. If his gifts are perpetually passing away, it is that they may be forever renewed. If it is more blessed for man to give than to receive, this is the blessedness of God, that he has not made a world to go on by itself, but renews it every hour by perpetual creative bounty.

And what a wonderful gift is the human soul! What mysterious powers are hidden therein, slowly evolved into grand activities! How strange that each of us should be a person, forever himself, with a great gulf separating him from all other persons. I always myself, you always yourself, forever a pure unit of individual consciousness! And yet that this personal unit, so limited, and confined, should be able to unite itself in thought with past and present, with the universe of space and time; should be able to reach out to the stars, weigh and measure the planets; should be able to recall the history of the earth and unroll its geological record; should be able to analyze substances burning in the furnaces of sun and stars; able to send by lightning its messages under the ocean and over the continent; able to enter with sympathetic thought into the mind of Homer, Dante, and Milton; able to know Christ and love him; able to live a life of communion with eternal right and infinite good,—this is the most marvellous fact of all, and for all this we may well thank God every day and every hour.

But why should we *praise* God? He does not need words of praise. He cannot love praise as men desire it. He is not jealous, as earthly kings are jealous, of honor withdrawn from him or given to another. Even a good man does not desire to be praised for his goodness: he prefers to do his good works unknown of men, as Jesus recommends. He does not let his left hand know what his right hand does. How then can God desire the praise of his creatures?

To this many would answer: "He wishes our praise not for his own sake, but only for ours. It does us good to be grateful. Gratitude enlarges the heart: ingratitude hardens it. Therefore God asks for our gratitude and worship, our adoration and thanksgiving, because it makes us better to render it."

This is true so far as it goes, but only half the truth. To thank God when we know that he does not desire our thanks, and takes no pleasure in them except for our good, would be a barren offering and almost unnecessary. There is a sense in which God may enjoy the thanks of his creatures. If those thanksgivings of ours spring not from the mind only, but the heart also, if they come from love,

then even the Infinite Majesty of Heaven may find joy in the grateful heart of creation. For love unites the high and the low. Pure love is never wasted, it never fails; it is greater than faith and hope; it is the essential thing in prayer, it is that which makes obedience twice blessed. Who can ever despise or be indifferent to sincere love? It is the greatest gift of God to men, the only return men can make to God.

This, then, is "The unspeakable gift," the gift which makes the value of all other gifts. We do not value a gift from man unless we see in it some love. How can we be grateful for anything given only with the hand and not with the heart, given from a mere sense of duty, given by rule or custom or law? You could not be very grateful to a man even for saving your life if he did it thinking of his own glory or as a mere function of his business,—*"perfunctorily,"* as we say. No! unless a man puts some heart into his gift, he has no right to ask for gratitude. We complain that men are not grateful for our benevolence. Are *you* grateful for anything done for you by those who do not love you, who help you merely out of self-respect or to retain the respect of others? No! There must be some element of love in a gift to make it of any value.

Real ingratitude, then, the fatal ingratitude, comes from those who are unable or unwilling to recognize love in a giver. He who believes that men are only selfish, he who attributes selfish motives to all human acts, has made himself incapable of gratitude. He who reasons thus in order to justify his own selfishness cannot be grateful. No matter how generously he may be treated, he does not see the generosity: he invents some personal motive to account for it. The generous man looks for generosity, the selfish man expects selfishness, and each finds what he looks for.

The "unspeakable gift," therefore, which gives value to God's other gifts is the love which is in them. It is "unspeakable"; for who can describe even human love, much less infinite love? But what we cannot describe we can see and know. Who can describe the perfume of a violet? Yet we know it, and know its difference from the odor of mignonette or that of a rose. Who can describe the melody in the song of a nightingale or the music of a gentle voice? But we know these, and can recall them after long years. So we may know, though we cannot describe, this unspeakable gift of Divine Love.

Men may receive all God's other gifts;

and, if no love is seen in them, they will awaken no gratitude. A man of taste may be gratified, but hardly grateful, in the sight of outward beauty. It may please his ideality and imagination, but leave his heart cold. The sight of vast laws may gratify our desire for knowledge: a man may do right simply because it is right, and will find satisfaction in so doing. But the "unspeakable gift" may not be in any of these blessings.

It is not until we see love in God's gifts that we are grateful; and, when we see love, we cannot help being grateful.

But is not this the wonder of wonders, the most inexplicable and unspeakable fact, that the Infinite Being, the Being of Beings, the great order of the universe, the profound substance beneath all existence,—he who is above the reach of reason, imagination, philosophy—should not be above the reach of love? We see power everywhere, wisdom everywhere, benevolent adaptation everywhere; but before the personal being, the great heart of the universe, there hangs an impenetrable veil. To the intellect this mystery is unfathomable. But there was one human soul able to draw aside that veil, one who from the first spoke of God as *Father*. The inspired heart of Jesus went to a depth far below that of the philosophic reason. It came near to the heart of God. And so he was a revelation, never before made, of the *Father*. Therefore, he who has seen him has seen the *Father*. No one comes to the *Father* but by him. We can come to the Infinite Being by the broad highway of reason. Plato shows us the divine element in all human nature. Spinoza shows us a divine substance beneath all phenomena. Science, star-eyed, brings us to-day no doctrine of despair, but announces power above law, behind force, supremely divine. But who except Jesus has revealed the deeper mystery of divine love? To him alone it was given to show to mankind that within all other gifts is this "unspeakable gift" of love. There have, indeed, been mystics in all religions, who have sought by ascetic practices, by solitary prayer, by monastic self-denial, to purify themselves so as to meet God in their soul. But Jesus brings God's love to all,—not to the thinker or the monk or the anchorite only, but to the humblest child of the Infinite Friend. The sailor on the high and giddy mast can feel beneath him the everlasting arms. The young soldier dying in pain on the battlefield can say, "My Father!" and be at peace. The sinner in the midst of temptation can utter in his heart a cry for help and be pardoned

and saved. The little child can talk with this dear Father, and its childish prattle will reach the infinite ear.

This is the key to the ardent language of Paul. This is why he forever repeats the name of Christ. This is why he says we are rooted and grounded in love. To Paul there came from Jesus this divine revelation of a great Fatherhood, and it broke the bonds of his Pharisaic literalism, of his routine religion; took him out of his ritual, ceremonies, texts of Scripture, into a new life of perfect trust and hope and joy. "To me to live is Christ and to die is gain." "The life I now live I live by faith in the Son of God." "I live, but not I, Christ lives in me." Christ to him was the manifestation of a divine tenderness, of which he had never before dreamed, so that, no matter what happened to him, he was sitting in heavenly places with Jesus; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.

And this unspeakable gift was not given to Jesus alone or to Paul alone, but is given to you and to me. To us the word of this salvation is also sent. Salvation! for what can be more safe than to feel ourselves in the embrace of an infinite love? Salvation! for we know that our sins will be destroyed and our evil cleansed by coming into this heavenly atmosphere of love. Salvation! for how can we continue to sin if we are kept in the presence of our Father?

Draw near, then, in faith, to this great overflowing fountain of heavenly compassion. God has put into our hearts his spirit to enable us all to say, "Our Father!" Let nothing separate us from his love, neither life nor death nor our own folly and sin, our own weakness and ignorance, our own doubt or unbelief. Let us not be troubled by harsh doctrines. God asks for none of these things at our hands. Sacrifice and offering he does not require—not the sacrifice of our own reason before unintelligible mysteries. He says only this, "My child, give me thy heart!" And to enable us to do so, he shows his own love to every soul that he has made—shows how he leaves the ninety and nine in the wilderness and goes after the one sheep that is lost; how he so loved the world as to give the only one who had risen to the height of perfect Sonship—his only Son—to bring the same sense of a Father's love to the rest of his children. He allowed this dearest child to die in torture and shame that we, by that solemn sacrifice, might be lifted out of darkness into marvellous light. So now we can behold in all his gifts this unspeakable gift of a Fatherly love. Now

every outward blessing has in it a touch of divine tenderness. Now we see in the universe, not only beauty and wonder, power, order, law, but, interfused and penetrating all things, that highest of all created things, a Divine Love. Hold fast to it: let it not go, for it is your life! To trust in the Father's love is the gospel within the gospel; it is the inmost secret of Christianity; it is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

To all Thy grace who seek
Thou who art ever near,
Shed on my heart Thy heavenly dew
To me most dear.

The way is dark I go;
Thy light seems ta'en away;
O give me more of trust in Thee,
Help me to pray.

"Thy will, not mine, be done,"
And then I surely know
That strength divine will be vouchsafed
For every blow.

To lie in Thy dear care
Which doth all souls embrace—
Father, I leave myself with thee;
Grant me Thy grace.

—*Anonymous.*

BE THOU PERFECT.

"Walk before me, and be thou perfect." These are the words of God to faithful Abraham. Whoever walks in thy presence, O Lord, is in the path to perfection. We never depart from this holy way but we lose sight of thee and cease to behold thee in everything. Alas, where shall we go when we no longer see thee, thee who art our light and the only goal to which our steps should tend? To have our eyes fixed on thee in every step we take is our only security that we shall never go astray. O God, I will fix my eyes on thee: I will behold thee in everything that is around me. The order of thy providence shall arrest my attention. My heart shall still see thee in the midst of the busy cares of life, in all its duties, all its concerns; for they shall all be fulfilled in obedience to thy will. Temptations are without and within us: we should be lost, O Lord, without thee. To thee I raise my eyes, upon thee I rest my heart: my own weakness frightens me. Thy all-powerful mercy will support my infirmity.—*Fénélon.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "What's Mine is Mine," George Macdonald; "The Unjust Steward," Oliphant; "Quo Vadis"; "A Window in Thrums"; "Aunt Diana," R. N. Carey; "The Strange Adventures of a House-boat," Black; "Serapis"; "Donovan," Edna Lyall; "The Gates Ajar," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "The Hon. Peter Stirling"; "The Caxtons"; "A Book of the Pyrenees"; "Marjorie Daw and Other People," Aldrich; "Pride and Prejudice," Jane Austen; "The Thinking Bayonet."

Juveniles.

"After School Days," "Dilly and the Captain," "Jumbo Magazine," "Five Little Mice in a Mouse-trap," "The Bodleys Afoot," "Pussy Tip-toes Family," "Jingles and Joys," "The Golfer's Alphabet," "Nature Stories for Young Readers," "The Thought Reader," "Phil and the Baby," "Freeman's Historical Course," "In the Sky Garden," "The Warringtons Abroad," "Matt's Follies," "Stories about Animals."

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I would like to have Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," "Ivanhoe," "Ishmael Worth," and some of Longfellow's poems. If you have not these books, I will be glad to receive any other reading, also letters and cards. Address, Miss Annie B. Harris, Bumpass, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, Box 88.

2. I am never able to express my thanks for books. Will some of you please send me "How to Study and Teaching how to Study" by Frank McMurry, "Jean Mitchell's School" and "Primer of Sanitation" by John W. Ritchie. My brother and I teach,

and belong to a Teachers' Reading Circle. We are required to read these books. I shall be glad to let my teacher friends read them.

We would also be glad to get "Seeley's Question Book for Teachers." (Miss) Mattie E. Sale. My address is changed from Brier Creek, Wilkes County, to Ronda, R. No. 2, Wilkes County, North Carolina.

3. Minnie Brown, Pleasant View, Amherst County, Virginia, a teacher in a remote country school, will be glad to get any books or magazines, especially anything helpful in the school-room, such as story-books and pictures. She will also be grateful for the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

4. I am too full of pain to be writing letters, but we are so lonesome in our new home that we turn to you, our Cheerful Letter friend. I was so glad to get a copy of the dear little paper directly from publishing house when I sent in our change of address. It looked like an old friend's face to us. It cost us so much more to move out here than we could have possibly expected, and there have been so many extra expenses that now it is one constant round of doing without needed articles. Freight is so very high from Omaha this way that our freight bills were out of all reason, and I do not expect any one will ever want to send us any books or magazines here and pay such high freight rates. I know I never could pay for them. Mr. Gilbert had worked here so long and was so much better here that it seemed best for us to move. But such a barren place I don't believe I ever dreamed of. There is work and good natural surroundings and a good public school. Lucille's teacher has made her feel at home, and the other teachers are all good. Oh, isn't it trying to be so poor that you have to go so slow in getting acquainted, and they gauge one everywhere at first by the dollars they have. If it were not for our love of good reading and our hopes of making friends, I do not know how we could get through these first months. The Cheerful Letter friends have helped us over many hard places in our lives, and I thank them more than tongue can tell. Maybe some day we can thank them better when we meet across the river. I feel that I must ask for some reading. Any one book or paper will be thankfully received. I need "Strong Drink, the Curse and Cure," by T. S. Arthur; "Hereditry," by Newton N. Riddell; any books of poems, no matter how old; temperance books or magazines or papers. I cannot get too many of these, and any good reading to interest young people.

I want to pass on papers and loan books as soon as possible. Mrs. Sarah Gilbert, Fullerton, Nebraska.

5. Mrs. N. E. Miles, Ridgeway, Virginia, living on a farm in a very lonely place, asks for a Bible in large print, also any reading for her husband, an elderly man.

6. Any reading will be appreciated by Miss Lucy Cole, Harrington, Maine, who leads a lonely life on a farm.

7. Mrs. Mollie Meade, Palmer, Illinois, will be glad to receive *McClure's* or *Cosmopolitan*.

8. Mrs. A. H. Thomas, Guilford, R. F. D. 2, Maine, will be glad of light reading and picture cards.

9. *Ladies' Home Journal* is especially desired by Mrs. Jennie P. Grymes, Echo, Louisiana.

10. Mr. J. B. McAlexander, Fayerdale, Virginia, asks for books for himself and his children, three girls and two boys, between nine and two years old. The eldest little girl, nine years old, was accidentally injured when she was four years old, and has been an invalid ever since. He would be glad to receive pictures and cards for her and for the other children.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE BOY'S PLACE IN THE HOME.

What is the boy's place in his home? What are his rights, what his privileges? Is he a personage to be deferred to or a nuisance to be tolerated?

The answer to all these queries may come in a single phrase, "It depends on the boy." Not altogether; for, after all, the boy is more or less what you make him, and, all things being equal, the way in which he is started is the way he is likely to follow. How, then, shall he be directed from the beginning so as to establish satisfactory mutual relations between the boy and his home?

Naturally, the personal equation must be taken into account. The temperament and tendencies of the father and mother, the circumstances into which the child is born, the other children of the household, all have their part in deciding how the small boy shall be introduced to life.

I could cite indefinitely such instances as these: The boy to whose college course the pleasures and recreations of the family are sacrificed, while he takes it all as a matter of course; the child who is never taught self-denial or self-control until life inculcates both with a whip of cords; the consequential infant whose judgment is respected, whose opinions are quoted until he develops into a more consequential man; the petted boy to whom all the women of his family minister, with the effect that his manners are hopelessly spoiled and that the idea of waiting upon his mother, his sisters, or his wife would never occur to him,—the list of them is unending, and illustrations of every instance are as plenty as the instances themselves.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

Am I unduly harsh concerning this, our brother? Let me temper such apparent harshness by the statement of my faith that in at least nineteen cases out of every twenty it is a woman—mother, sister, aunt, or nurse—who is at the bottom of the injury to the material from which a splendid, strong, self-forgotten man might have been made.

For too many centuries were women held inferior to men, the birth of a son hailed with joy, the birth of a daughter regarded as a sorrow or, at the best, as the most negative of blessings, the desire of the woman been to the man and his rule over her, for her to become in a generation mentally free of this footing in her domestic relations, no matter how thoroughly emancipated she may be legally, intellectually, materially, or politically. That she should minister to her husband, she takes as a matter of course and, in the main, for adequate reasons. It is but a step to transfer the ministry to her sons and to fall into the habit of considering their comfort, sacrificing herself to their wishes in a fashion to ruin the best boy under heaven.

In previous generations the tradition of discipline which inhered in domestic government obliged the boys of a family to bear the yoke of obedience in their youth. With the new departures in child-training which have asserted themselves within the past two decades there has come a revolution in home methods, and the fad that children should be permitted to develop unhindered and to follow their individuality whither it led has made life easier for them and harder for every one connected with them.—*Christine Terhune Herrick, in the Woman's Home Companion.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH ANIMALS.

A Letter to Boys.

If you want to watch the habits of animals and birds, it is very useful to be able to imitate their calls. You can begin by calling chickens or by talking to dogs in dog language, and you very soon find you can give the angry growl or the playing growl of the dog. Owls, wood pigeons, and curlews are very easily called.

Hunting or going after big game is one of the best things in scouting. I did not say that shooting or killing the game was the best part of it; for, as you get to study animals, you get to like them more and more, and you will soon find that you don't want to kill them for the mere sake of killing, and the more you see of them, the more you see the wonderful work of God in them.

No scout should ever kill an animal unless there is some real reason for doing so, and in that case he should kill it quickly and effectively, so as to give as little pain as possible.

My brother was lately big-game shooting in East Africa and had very good sport with the camera, living in the wilds and tracking and stalking and finally snapshooting elephants, rhinoceroses, and other big animals.

One day he had crept up near to an elephant and had set up his camera and got his head under the cloth, focussing it, when his native cried, "Look out, sir!" and started to run. My brother poked his head out from under the cloth and found a great elephant coming for him only a few yards off. So he just pressed the button and then lit out and ran, too. The elephant rushed up to the camera, stopped and seemed to recognize that it was only a camera, after all, and, smiling at his own irritability, lunched off into the jungle again.

I have often lain out on moonlight nights to watch the animals, especially wild boars in the jungle, and it is just as good fun as merely going after them to kill them. And I have caught and kept a young boar and a young panther, and found them most amusing and interesting little beggars.

I think one gets to know more about animals and to understand them better by keeping them as pets at first, and then going and watching them in their natural life. It would be a very good thing if every S. D. B. kept some kind of animal, such as a

pony or a dog, birds or rabbits, or even live butterflies.

Every boy scout ought to know all about the tame animals which he sees every day. You ought to know all about grooming, feeding, watering a horse, about putting him into harness and putting him in the stable, and know when he is going lame and should not, therefore, be worked, whether he needs shoeing, etc.

Other tame animals to understand are, of course, dogs. And a good dog is the very best companion for a scout, who need not think himself a really good scout till he has trained a young dog to do all he wants of him. It requires great patience and kindness and genuine sympathy with the dog.

If you are lucky enough to own a camera, you cannot possibly do better than to start making a collection of photos of animals and birds taken from life. Such a collection is ten times more interesting than the ordinary boy's collection of stamps or crests or autographs, which any boy can accomplish by sitting at home and bothering other people to give.

And cameras can be got very cheap now: it only means saving up money in a money-box for a short time.

Every animal is interesting to watch and it is as difficult to stalk a weasel as a lion.

Besides stalking animals, a good scout likes stalking birds and watching them. He discovers in this way where and how they build their nests. He does not, like the ordinary boy, want to go and rob them of their eggs, but he likes to watch how they hatch out their young and teach them to fly and feed themselves. He gets to know every species of bird by its call and by its way of flying, and he knows which birds remain all the year around and which come at certain seasons, and what kind of food they like best and how they change their plumage, what sort of nests they build, where they build them, and what the eggs are like.

A good scout enjoys learning the ways and habits of all dumb creatures. I know boys who by patient study have become familiar with the habits of the most shy fishes, reptiles, and insects. Even flowers have, many of them, decided habits, and are well worth watching. Time that is spent studying nature is not to be considered lost time.

This is manly knowledge for any boy and is the sort of thing that will help him to grow up to be a fine, observant, understanding, alert man.—*Lieut.-Gen. Sir Baden-Powell, K.C.B.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

(Continued from last number.)

After pursuing her investigations from city to city, Miss Nightingale decided to take a course of instruction at the recently founded institution for deaconesses at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. There a Protestant sisterhood were working on similar lines to Sisters of Charity, and had already done much to mitigate the poverty, sickness, and misery in their own district, and were beginning to extend their influence to other German towns. At Kaiserswerth the ideal system of trained sick nursing which Miss Nightingale had been forming in her own mind was an accomplished fact.

At this period Miss Nightingale was in the strength and beauty of her early womanhood. She was tall, slight, and graceful, with abundance of brown hair neatly arranged on either side her high broad forehead, and had penetrating gray-blue eyes and a mouth which, though firm, indicated a sense of humor. The deaconesses, with whom she could talk in their own language, found her a diverting companion, for she had a sharp incisive wit, a certain homely shrewdness of expression, and a knowledge acquired not only from a superior education, but from a good experience of foreign travel. Above everything else she was distinguished by the power of adapting herself to circumstances, and she settled down to the humble fare and simple routine of life at Kaiserswerth as easily as though she had never known the refined luxuries of her father's house.

A very impressive scene took place when Florence Nightingale left Kaiserswerth. The present head of the institution, Pastor Disselhoff, tells me that his mother, the eldest daughter of Pastor Fliedner, vividly recalls the scene to-day. After bidding good-bye to the deaconesses, Miss Nightingale bent her head to the pastor and asked for his blessing. With hands resting on her head and face upturned to heaven, he prayed that her sojourn at Kaiserswerth might bear precious fruit and her great powers be dedicated to the service of humanity. Then, repeating his usual formula, "May God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three Persons in one God, bless you; may He establish you in the Truth until death, and give you hereafter the crown of Life. Amen,"—he sent her forth dedicated to the service of the sick and suffering. Little did he think what the magnitude of that service was to be. Teacher and pupil were not destined to meet again, but the good pastor lived to hear

the name of Florence Nightingale resound through the world.

Three years had yet to transpire before Florence Nightingale was called to her great life work. After leaving Kaiserswerth, she stayed for a time on her way home with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris. Their institutions had the advantage over Kaiserswerth, at that period, of being in long-established working order. In Paris, too, Miss Nightingale found opportunity for studying surgery in the hospitals. The skill of the Paris surgeons stood remarkably high, and she could scarcely have had a better ground for observation than the French capital. With her good friends the Sisters, too, Miss Nightingale visited the homes of the poor and made a minute inspection of their methods of organized charity.

While pursuing this interesting work Miss Nightingale was taken ill. She had now a personal experience of the skill and tender care of the Sisters, who nursed her back to convalescence.

As soon as she was able to travel, she returned to her family and completed her restoration to health in the beautiful surroundings of her well-loved homes of Embley Park and Lea Hurst. There she spent the ensuing months in her old work of quiet benevolence amongst the poor and infirm in the parishes, where her name was even then a household word. Added to her kindness of heart, which the people had long known, "Miss Florence" had now returned from "furren parts" with a knowledge of sick nursing which astounded the rustic mind. It was rumored that she could set a broken leg better than the doctor, and had remedies for "rheumatiz" and lumbago which made old men feel young again, and, as for her lotions for the eyes, "Why, they was enough to ruin the spectacle folk."

As soon as Miss Nightingale had recovered her health, she left the quiet surroundings of her country home for a life of philanthropic activity in London. She was greatly interested in the Ragged School work of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and devoted the proceeds of her recently published booklet on Kaiserswerth, which had been printed by the inmates of the London Ragged Colonial Training School, to charitable objects.

In choosing a line of benevolent activity, Miss Nightingale was at this period actuated by a desire to help poor ladies, so many of whom were suffering silently and unheeded, and largely through their lack of proper training for remunerative callings. Reference has already been made to her common-

sense plea that women should receive training to fit them for work in her advocacy of a revival of the order of deaconesses. But, while she sought to influence the girls of the future, Miss Nightingale made it a present duty to soothe and brighten the lives of poor ladies who had fallen helpless in the race of life. With this end in view she took in charge the Harley Street Home for Sick Governesses, which was in a very unsatisfactory condition.

Miss Nightingale shut herself off entirely from outside society, and only occasionally received her most intimate friends. Her assiduity bore fruit in the improved state of the Home, not only on its financial side, but in the air of homely and refined comfort which she brought to it. The task of dealing with sick and querulous women, imbibed and rendered sensitive and exacting by the unfortunate circumstances of their lives, was not an easy one; but Miss Nightingale had a calm and cheerful spirit which could bear with the infirmities of the weak. And so she labored on in the dull house in Harley Street summer and winter, bringing order and comfort out of a wretched chaos and proving a real friend and helper to the sick and sorrow-laden women. At length the strain proved too much for her delicate body, and she was compelled most reluctantly to resign her task.

Again she returned to Embley Park and Lea Hurst to recruit her health. When, a few months later, the supreme call of her life came, and she was summoned to the work for which a special Providence seemed to have been preparing her from childhood, she was found ready.

Mr. Sidney Herbert was at the head of the War Department, and, in the midst of the excitement and general futility of things, his thoughts naturally turned to his honored friend, Florence Nightingale. In his opinion she was the "one woman" in England who was fitted by position, knowledge, training, and character to organize a nursing staff and take them out to the aid of the suffering soldiers. He had, as we have already seen, an intimate personal knowledge of Miss Nightingale, was aware of the thorough and systematic study which she had for some years been giving to hospital nursing at home and abroad, and he knew also of the organizing skill which she had been recently displaying in the management of the Harley Street Home for Sick Governesses.

It was tantamount to asking their dear friend to go out with her life in her hands, as well as to brave the adverse criticism of a

large number of short-sighted but well-meaning people, who would lift up their hands in protest at the idea of a lady of birth and breeding going out to nurse the common soldier.

It was clear to Mr. Herbert that, if Miss Nightingale were to be asked to undertake this work, she must be placed in an undisputed position of authority and supported by the government. Everything depended on having a recognized head. To allow bands of lady nurses to start for the seat of war, each carrying out their pet and immature notions on hospital work would have been futile and useless. To send them to Scutari and place them under the control of the authorities then in charge of the hospital would have defeated the chief object of the plan, which was to reform and amend the existing order of nursing prevailing at the hospital. Neither was it likely that so shrewd and capable a woman as Miss Nightingale would consent to organize a new nursing system—for it practically amounted to that—unless she was guaranteed a position of undisputed authority. How necessary that was to the success of the enterprise after events fully proved.

Meantime the "one woman in all England" deemed worthy of this high trust was, in the quietude of her country home, pondering over the stirring words of Mr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent: "Are there no devoted women amongst us, able and willing to go forth to minister to the sick and suffering soldiers in the hospitals of Scutari?" Each morning the newspapers revealed fresh sufferings and privations amongst the stricken soldiers, and the cries for help grew more importunate. Florence Nightingale was not the woman to listen in vain, and ere the sun had faded away behind the beech-trees on that memorable 15th of October, she had written to Mr. Sidney Herbert offering her services in the hospitals at Scutari.

Her letter crossed that of Mr. Herbert, of which she was in complete ignorance. The unique circumstance gives a rounded completeness to the call of Florence Nightingale which came as the voice of God speaking through her tender woman's heart.

Lady Canning, writing on October 17, 1854, immediately after Miss Nightingale's appointment was made known, gave the following interesting description of her quiet demeanor in the midst of the general excitement: "You will be glad to hear that government sends out a band of nurses to Scutari, and Miss Nightingale is to lead them. Her family have consented, and no one is so

well fitted as she is to do such work, she has such nerve and skill and is so gentle and wise and quiet. Even now she is in no bustle or hurry, though so much is on her hands and such numbers of people volunteer services."

The public naturally asked the question, "Who is Miss Nightingale?" and were answered by a descriptive and biographic account in the *Examiner*, which was repeated by the *Times*. One feels that the account must have appeared startling in days before attention had been given to the Higher Education of women, and when Girton and Newnham were not even dreams of the future. It ran thus: that Miss Nightingale was "a young lady of singular endowments both natural and acquired. In a knowledge of the ancient languages and of the higher branches of mathematics, in general art, science, and literature, her attainments are extraordinary. There is scarcely a modern language which she does not understand, as she speaks French, German, and Italian as fluently as her native English. She has visited and studied all the various nations of Europe, and has ascended the Nile to its remotest cataract. Young (about the age of our Queen), graceful, feminine, rich, popular, she holds a singularly gentle and persuasive influence over all with whom she comes in contact. Her friends and acquaintances are of all classes and persuasions; but her happiest place is at home, in the centre of a very large band of accomplished relatives and in simplest obedience to her admiring parents."

While there was a large majority to wish Godspeed to her enterprise, there were also many people who considered it an improper thing for women to nurse in a military hospital, while others thought it nonsense for young ladies to attempt "to nurse soldiers when they did not even yet know what it was to nurse a baby." Others predicted that no woman could stand the strain of work in an Eastern hospital, that the scheme would prove futile, and all the nurses be invalidated home after a month's experience.

The undertaking was so new and so much at variance with English custom and tradition, that criticism was to be expected. But Florence Nightingale was one of those lofty souls who listen to the voice within and take little heed of the voices without. It was for her to break down the "Chinese wall" of prejudices, religious, social, and professional, and establish a precedent for all time.—"*Life of Florence Nightingale*," Sarah A. Tooley.

MARGARET FULLER.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MADAME ARCONATI TO R. W. EMERSON.

Je n'ai point rencontré, dans ma vie, de femme plus noble; ayant autant de sympathie pour ses semblables, et dont l'esprit fut plus vivifiant. Je me suis tout de suite sentie attirée par elle. Quand je fis sa connaissance, j'ignorais que ce fut une femme remarquable.

I became acquainted with Margaret in 1835. Perhaps it was earlier that Henry Hedge, who had long been her friend, told me of her genius and studies, and loaned me her manuscript translation of Goethe's "Tasso." I was afterward still more interested in her by the warm praises of Harriet Martineau, who had become acquainted with her at Cambridge, and who, finding Margaret's fancy for seeing me, took a generous interest in bringing us together. I remember, during a week in the winter of 1835-36, in which Miss Martineau was my guest, she returned again and again to the topic of Margaret's excellent genius and conversation, and enjoined it on me to seek her acquaintance, which I willingly promised.

This rumor was much spread abroad, that she was sneering, scoffing, critical, disdainful of humble people, and all but the intellectual. I had heard it whenever she was named. It was a superficial judgment. Her satire was only the pastime and necessity of her talent, the play of superabundant animal spirits. And it will be seen, in the sequel, that her mind presently disclosed many moods and powers in successive platforms or terraces, each above each, that quite effaced this first impression in the opulence of the following pictures.—R. W. Emerson, "*Life of Margaret Fuller*."

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answer to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

THANKSGIVING PUZZLE.

Move as in chess and find twenty-nine eatables and two beverages that Jonathan

had for his dinner. Do not use the same square twice in a word.

C	I	A	E	L	H	C	Q	S
E	C	R	M	I	C	U	A	R
A	G	A	O	N	K	E	H	S
B	B	N	O	E	P	P	E	Y
R	E	I	S	U	I	M	L	I
R	A	D	D	E	N	U	P	O
P	I	S	Y	E	S	R	T	P
C	E	I	R	F	K	R	A	S
S	N	L	E	F	O	C	O	T

—*Youth's Companion.*

II.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. An inlet of the sea.
3. To irrigate.
4. A Japanese unit of value.
5. A consonant.

III.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In garret, but not in monde.
 In idea, but not in orb.
 In lobelia, but not in send.
 In brute, but not in gun.
 In epic, but not in fang.
 In range, but not in scald.
 In theatre, but not in valid.
 My whole gives the name of two leaders
 in attempts to colonize America.

IV.

BURIED CITIES.

1. See that nomad riding. How swiftly he can go!
2. A new rubber lining for your ulster is needed.
3. See, upon that trellis bonny roses grow!
4. La, then, sir, you see the point, sure, if not before.
5. Great Scott! Awake again! Is there no rest for me?

V.

LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

A	W	R	I	T	R	O	N	O	L	I
S	H	E	N	L	A	T	G	R	E	V
N	I	H	T	U	M	S	O	S	M	H
G	T	O	N	A	L	L	D	I	T	

By the beginning at a certain letter, and following a path, using no letter twice, the names of three persons born in November may be spelled.

Answers to puzzles in the October Number.

I. OCTOBER ZIGZAG.—C O I N

V O T E
 C O R N
 W R E N
 T O W N
 C A L M
 L I N K
 P L A Y
 I B I S
 K I S S

Cornwallis.

II. SOBRIQUETS.—1. Horatio Nelson. 2. William E. Gladstone. 3. Alfred Tennyson. 4. Charles Lamb. 5. John Bunyan.

III. WELL-KNOWN PAINTERS.—1. Michael Angelo. 2. Jacques Louis David. 3. Peter Paul Rubens. 4. Bartolomé Esteban Murillo. 5. Leonardo da Vinci.

IV. ANAGRAMS.—1. Napoleon. 2. Wellington. 3. Cornwallis. 4. Marlborough. 5. Wolseley.

A train was wrecked not long ago and fire broke out. A queer fire brigade was soon formed. It consisted of nine elephants of a circus, who were on the train, and who went back and forth from a river near by, filling their trunks with water and at last putting out the fire. One of the elephants rescued the engineer by clearing away with her trunk the heap of wreckage that covered him.

This shows how training helps, especially in times of danger. The elephants had learned to obey orders when they were given them.

A GOOD WORD FOR THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Yet withal the poor sparrow has many good qualities, of which it becomes us to speak. Has a family of little birds been taken from their warm nest and put in a cage outside the window? The sparrow will be the first to come and feed them. They may not be of his own race: it is enough that they are opening their mouths for food, and he will do his best to supply them. There have been many instances in which sparrows have done a deed of kindness like this, and have fed the needy ones day after day till they were able to provide for themselves.

(This pleasant statement comes from an little English book about birds.)

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books, and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club Secretary.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street; Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The first meeting for this autumn will be held Friday, November 4, at 25 Beacon Street, at 10.30 A.M.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Irene C. Rees, 51 Orchard Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Chairman, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.